

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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Vol. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

THE LADY OF BIRKENHAYN: OR THE MASQUERADE.

"Quid quisque vitet nunquam homine satis
Cautum est in horas." HORACE.

"Man never takes sufficient and hourly care against
at which he ought to shun."

ON a serene summer's evening, the old Lady of Birkenhayn was sitting with her daughters on a bank of turf near the high road that leads from Paderbourn to Lipstadt. A few hundred paces from thence glimmered the red roof of her castle amidst a group of trees; the sun darted its last rays on the tower vane. The swallow skimmed about and twittered, the gnats danced, the chafer hummed. Miss Babet sung a sprightly song—Miss Charlotte plucked blue flowers from between high ears of corn, and the mother cast a serious look on the ground, and, at the same time, drew figures on the sand with her walking stick, when behold, a gray-headed man tottered slowly towards them, leaning on a staff, and doubtfully standing at some distance. His miserable clothing, his silver hair, and difficult forward tottering, feelingly pleaded to every heart for assistance.

Charlotte first observed, and skipped up to call the attention of her mother to his appearance. Still the old man kept standing, and his looks wandered timidly and fearfully round—an evening breeze, loaded with a sigh, rushed by. Now the shy, intimidated, poor old creature came nearer, and the ladies were able to observe his deep, hollow, sunken eye, in which the near approach of death had already extinguished the feeble flame; a spark only still glimmered, but mildly like a star through a fog. The daughter gently pushed her, as if she would have said, "Dear mother, assist him:" the eye of her mother answered kindly, "Most willingly." "Dare a poor sick old man," said the stranger, in broken German,

"beg for a night's lodging?" The modest prayer was willingly granted. The daughters led him between them, warning him of every stone, helped him over the little wooden bridge, that crossed a rapid running stream, and conducted him into the castle. There he related, when he was refreshed by a glass of wine, how "formerly he had been rich and noble; how he had also possessed such a castle as the one he was in at present; but now, through the unhappy revolution in his native country, he was reduced to beggary. It was true, that he seldom sought assistance from good people in vain; but, in vain he supplicated the greatest favour—death."

Lady Birkenhayn listened to him, deeply affected: she inquired with interest after the place of his birth, and when he named Franche Comte, her emotions appeared to be doubled. She desired to know his name. He hesitated a moment, then pronounced the name of Philibert. A neat chamber was prepared for him, which fronted the east, that he might be refreshed and comforted by the morning sun—the kindest care was taken of him: the young Lady Babet brought him his breakfast, and Charlotte a rose tree. The evening before, they had spoken German with him; now, he was agreeably surprised, as they addressed him in his native language, and that, with such readiness and so proper an accent as he had never before heard from German lips. They led him into the garden; half of which was laid out in the English taste. There, on a hill under moss-covered pines, he was surprised at the view of a monument and urn with this simple inscription: TO MY PHILIP. Near which stood a Genius from the masterly hand of Doell. The torch was extinguished; a weeping willow bent over the urn, and let its drops fall from every leaf. The morning—the soft splashing of the falling water—the whistling of the winds over the tops of the pines, and the twilight in their shade, attuned every heart to melancholy. With anxious bosom the old man asked, "What does this mean?"

"Here our brother-in-law lies buried," answered Charlotte; "he died when a boy of ten years old. Here our good mother

often weeps for hours together, and on the anniversary of his death never quits the hill from morning till evening." "Let us go on," said Babet, "it is here too gloomy: we had resolved not to visit this place again before the 17th of August, and even then, only because our mother wished it?"

Old Man. "Why on the 17th of August?"

Charlotte. "That is the anniversary of Philip's death. She says we are now grown up, and she conceives it to be her duty to relate to us her history; for which purpose that day will be the best." With this conversation they led him back to the castle, and requested him to remain in a chamber till dinner, where he found a most excellent collection of French books. What he saw and heard filled him with astonishment; he had traversed every part of Westphalia; he knew that its inhabitants smoked most excellent hams, but French books, and such formed people he had never before met with.

At table the conversation was continued by the daughters in the French language; but the mother, notwithstanding she betrayed, by the interest she took, that she understood every thing that was said, never spoke but in German. Philibert, by the cordiality and tender forbearance with which he was treated, began to be enlivened, and to lay aside the shyness of poverty. He spoke little, but well; he betrayed a knowledge in every science, and more particularly, a knowledge of the world. After dinner the mother led him into her cabinet. "Sir," said she, "poverty is an unwelcome guest, and the more so in old age. Your destiny has affected me: allow me to ask you, have you any prospect for the future?"

Philibert. "None."

Lady Birkenhayn. "Are you pleased in my house?—Will you remain with me?"

Philibert. "Ah, madam! I stand on the brink of the grave. I most certainly would die here; but I have already lived to be a burthen to so many, that I most sincerely wish, at least by my death, to be no longer a trouble to any one."

Lady Birkenhayn. "Rest, tender attentions, kindness and friendship, will prolong your days. You shall even not accept a lingering existence from me as a favour; but you shall richly repay me for it."

Philibert. "Ah! madam, how can I do that?"

Lady Birkenhayn. "You have seen my daughters: they are good, amiable young creatures but perfectly inexperienced, and wholly ignorant of the world. Brought up in the country, accustomed to hear truth from every mouth, because, no one has any thing to conceal, they take all for truth. They conceive the whole world to be honourable, their hearts are open to every im-

pression—I tremble for the future. You, sir, appear to be the man who can remove these cares from my heart. Your conversation, your experience, your venerable age, your manner of expressing yourself, the facility with which you know how to make practical worldly wisdom intuitive, the entertaining anecdotes with which you understand how to season your instructions—all this makes me wish you would assist a careful, apprehensive mother, in laying the last hand on the formation of her beloved daughters."

The pale cheek of Philibert was coloured for a moment with the soft blush of gratitude. He accepted the proposal with emotion, for he conceived it to be merely a cover for forbearing benevolence. From henceforward, Philibert was the inseparable companion of both the daughters. He selected their lessons, and often interrupted them with instructive remarks. He accompanied them in their walks, he reclined with them on the grass, and sketched on the theatre of nature true pictures of the great world. Babet and Charlotte became so accustomed to him, that they could not part with him for a single day.

The reader, as yet, has not heard one word of the Lord of Birkenhayn; he was a valiant hunter, a good judge of horses, eat ham and black bread with pleasure, and troubled himself about nothing in the world. When Philibert was presented to him, he asked him what had become of the royal hounds in the revolution, and as Philibert could not answer the question, he turned his back upon him. The account that the stranger had undertaken the perfecting the education of his daughters, was partly indifferent to him, and partly ridiculous. Indifferent, because he supposed the education of the girls did not fall in his department, and ridiculous, because Philibert did not understand any thing of household affairs. He was, moreover, seldom visible in his house, and still before day, he went out on the chase.

Six weeks had now passed since Philibert had found an asylum in this house. The 17th of August arrived: it was a lowering, sultry day; the Lord of Birkenhayn, as was his custom, went out earlier than usual this day into the wood, and returned not again before the sun was set. The weeping mother remained invisible; Philibert dined alone with the daughters, and a heavy silence reigned during the repast. After dinner, a servant informed them, that his lady waited to see them upon the hill. Babet and Charlotte obeyed with melancholy expectation; the modest Philibert remained behind; but a second message invited him to join the company, and he went.

On the pedestal of the urn the mother was

seated, with her red weeping eyes; the daughters reclined near her on the grass, and silently, with anxious bosoms, here and there gathered a flower. Sorrowfully, but kindly, the Lady Birkenhayn bade the old man welcome. "Be seated," said she, "your presence here is not superfluous. I have appointed this day to lay open a picture to my daughters of my unfortunate, but innocent life. They are now of age when my melancholy experience may be advantageous to them, and if my example will hover before their eyes, in the choice of a husband, then I have not suffered in vain.

"Not only the death of a beloved son," she continued with a sigh, "do I weep for on this present day: this day is the memorial of all my departed joys. For friendship and youthful happiness, love, and my native country, also flow these tears! Children! respect my agony, and alleviate it by the promise of avoiding an early marriage. For you, my sprightly Babet, I am less apprehensive than for thee, my gentle Charlotte. I was also sixteen years old, when I, like you, decorated my hair with corn-flowers, mingled unwilling sighs in the song of the nightingale, and had a childish pleasure in my rosebuds. A youth courted my hand, who, with spirit and beauty, united carelessness and fickleness in the highest degree. He was the first that paid me homage: nature and vanity spoke for him in my heart; and I loved him with the romantic ardour of a first passion. My serious father shook his head, was grieved, warned me in vain. I imagined I could fetter the fickle-minded youth in my charms; by entreaties, prayers, and tears, I bribed paternal tenderness, and, at last, his consent to a union, that, alas! was but too rashly concluded.

"O delightful honey-moon, how rapidly did you fly away! how soon vanished the sweet error that I was all to my husband! Scarce was half a year gone by, when I could no longer conceal from myself the striking change in his behaviour, in spite of all the excuses my inventive love knew how to make for him. He was half the day absent, staid often till late at night, and when sometimes he remained an hour with me, I thought I read a forced kindness in his looks: besides absence, he often answered me perversely, replied with cold politeness to my caresses, even with peevish impatience. An officious gentleman of the privy chamber, who brought me all kinds of stories, did not leave me long in doubt, that I, from an ardently beloved maiden, had become a coolly respected wife. I must content myself with cool respect, whilst wanton girls coquetted for his tenderness. But what was most strange, in the same degree that his love declined, his jealousy increased. He probably felt his own injustice, that it was

easy for me to revenge myself, and his vanity trembled at the thought. Often, when he brought his loose companions to our house, and with them banquetted at our table, he watched my looks with an anxiety that betrayed his guilty forebodings. On such days he was accustomed to be more tender than usual towards me—possibly to smother the budding revenge that might be shooting within me. Ah! it was too far distant from thoughts of revenge. I only wept in silence, calmed my countenance when he entered, and thought to move him by generous forbearance.

"I heard one morning, by chance, that my husband intended in the evening to go to the masquerade. Immediately a wish arose within me, there to meet unknown. If I should succeed, thought I, in disguise, to decoy him somewhere with me; if he, with the impudence of an adventurer, should entreat me to grant him a rendezvous, then would I follow him wherever he would lead me; the presence of my husband would protect me from every misconception, even in the most suspicious house. Then, at the moment when he meditated a gallant adventure, he should behold the mask fall from my face!—When he discovered his wife! Ah! what a triumph to my innocence! what a victory to my generosity! This picture set on fire, glowed my cheek—violently heaved my heart! But how was I to learn in what dress my husband would appear at the masquerade, in which I should recognise him? To ask himself, that would awaken suspicion; to gain his valet over to my interest, that was against my principles. I had almost given up my project, when he adventitiously entered my chamber, for, as he said, to make me a morning visit, the shortness of which he excused by saying, it was necessary immediately to go to a masquerade warehouse to choose a dress for the evening. He departed:—I heard his carriage drive away, and without reflecting on what I was about to do, I threw my mantle over me, hurried down stairs, leaped immediately into a hired carriage that I found at the next corner, and ordered the coachman slowly to follow my husband's chariot, and even to stop where it should stop. In a few minutes, we were even in the *Rue de St. Honore*."

"How, madam!" exclaimed Philibert, "did these scenes happen in Paris?" "Yes, sir, I am a French woman, your unfortunate country-woman, who has taken every pains to forget her native language, and with it, all the sweet, flattering words which once made so deep an impression on her heart. My husband's carriage stopt before a shop—mine remained at a little distance—I held my handkerchief up to my face, pressed my hat deep over my eyes, and looked out of

the coach window. My husband went into the shop, staid there a few minutes, then drove on. As soon as he was out of sight, I got down, and, under the pretence of choosing myself a masquerade dress, I entered the same shop. A multitude of dresses were heaped upon the counter, and an attendant was laying aside a rich Turkish one. 'Show me that,' said I, 'it seems to please me best.' 'It is no longer to be had,' replied the man, 'a gentleman who but this instant drove away, has hired it for this evening.'—'Ay—that is a pity,' I answered with secret joy; 'yet let me, at least, look at it.' The man officiously spread open the dress before me. I looked at it with the greatest attention; sufficiently noticed the colour and various marks; and when I was perfectly certain of my business, I drove contentedly home.

"With what restlessness I now waited for the evening:—how often did I look at my watch, and believe it went too slow. At last, it became dark; my situation (I was then in the fifth month of my pregnancy) allowed me not to choose a dress that would betray my size. I disguised myself as a bat, and appeared one of the first at the ball. It was not long before my Turk entered, whose step I at first only slyly followed.

"I must here mention, that I was educated in a convent, that the nuns had learnt me, in their leisure hours, a sort of finger language, which, as I, at my entrance into the world, remarked, was better known amongst the young ladies than I imagined; I had, when a bride, out of a joke, instructed my bridegroom in this finger language, and he then very industriously made use of it, to say pretty things to me in the presence of tiresome witnesses. What a mortification was it now to me, to see my Turk talking this language to a nun, who appeared however, to scoff at him, because he then quickly rushed by, and, as it seemed to me, peevishly to turn from her. I determined to take advantage of this moment; I pulled him by the sleeve as he was slipping by me. He cast a hasty glance at me, and I put these words together with my fingers: 'I have attended to your conversation.' He remained doubtful for a moment whether he should join me; for my bat-like form appeared to him to conceal my charms. In the mean time, I took care to raise his vanity in another way; a valuable jewel I had, for this purpose, borrowed of a friend, and which I wore in my mouth, to fasten the mask, rivetted his attention; he took me as I wished him to do, for a woman of quality, who had chosen the simplest dress, to be able to say to him without being much noticed, that he had made an impression on my heart. He answered gallantly, and scarce had we passed a few minutes in our finger

conversation, than he entreated for a private conference, as this language was too poor to express his feelings.

With trembling fingers I gave my consent. He offered me his arm, led me silently out of the hall, put me into a chair, which he accompanied on foot. I trembled like an aspen leaf, an ague shivered through my body. I was obliged to call pride to my assistance as courage forsook me. The thought, how difficult it was to a faithful wife to decoy a tender look from him, and on the contrary, how easy was my victory, gave me new powers. I got out of the chair tolerably recovered, when it stopt at an unknown house in the next street, and followed my Turk through a feebly-lighted passage to a chamber, the door of which he immediately locked. Now the decisive moment was come; he took off his mask, and, only imagine my fixed horror—he was not my husband!—A celebrated voluptuary, whom I had sometimes seen at our house, and whose intercourse with my husband I had often cursed, hurried to me with extended arms. I uttered a loud scream, and sunk back in a chair. The jewel dropt out of my mouth that held my mask, and the mask with it, and the young man was even as much astonished at the so unexpected sight of me, as I was amazed and affrighted at him. Alone with a rake—in a suspicious house!—I did not believe, at this unhappy moment, that my shame and confusion could have increased; yet the measure of my misfortune was not yet full; for, ah! my husband really was in the same house, in company with a wanton hussy. My lamentable scream caught his attention; perhaps he knew my voice. He burst open the door with his foot. There he stood before me: his lips trembled—we were all speechless—his eyes rolled dreadfully; I was half dead—I could scarce pronounce my defence. My husband first recovered himself, if I could call it recovering. He seized me violently by the arm—dragged me nearer to the light—fixed his eyes on my countenance, with the pale mien of fury, and a cold smile of contempt. O! I shall never forget the horrible look—scarce audibly, he stammered the words, 'Madam, you are a bungler at your business—people should not scream so loud in this house.' Upon which he threw my arm from him—made my Turk a scornful bow, begged him to take care of me, and departed.

"When he was gone, I burst into tears. I attempted to speak, but sobs stifled my words. The young man, who certainly could not believe that I was come there to give a rendezvous to my husband, comprehended therefore that I must have been mistaken in the person. He pressed my hand, and envied the fortunate one to whom the

testimonials of my favour were designed, wished that love would permit him to supply the place, which lucky accident had made known to him, and assured me he was a man of honour. Each of his words was the stab of a dagger—I felt that I had myself given him a right so to talk to me. I wished to be angry, but could only lament and moan; the pride of a now suspected virtue deserted; I tore myself away from him, and conjured him to tell me how he came by that dress. Surprised at the seriousness with which I asked that question, he replied, 'I hired it at a masquerade warehouse.' 'Where?' 'In the *Rue de St. Honore*.' 'But that mask was bespoken by another!' 'By whom?' 'My husband.' 'I beg your pardon, madam, I was the first who ordered it. It is true, I learnt that a dispute afterwards arose about it; for a servant in the shop, in the absence of his master, had a second time let it out, I knew not to whom—but I, having the first right, it was decided in my favour.'

"I soon discovered what a snare I had laid for myself, into what an abyss I had wantonly thrown myself. My agony even appeared to my voluptuary; he stepped back within the bounds of respect, procured me a hired carriage, handed me in, and left me a prey to my wretchedness. Ah! a few hours before, I supposed myself unhappy; yet I quitted my house with the joyful expectation of returning to it, accompanied by an ashamed, amended husband, with the dignity of an irreproachable reputation, and again renewed love. What was I now? a seemingly convicted criminal, who trembled at the sound of her husband's carriage, trembled when she heard him pass over her into a bed-chamber.

"When all the people in the house were gone to bed, I ventured softly to steal up to his chamber. He was walking backwards and forwards with hasty and violent steps. I endeavoured to open the door; it was locked. I entreated, with a low voice that he would let me in—I received no answer. I kneeled upon the threshold, and supplicated for more than an hour, for only a minute's hearing—but in vain! he remained mute, and at last I heard him go into his closet, to be no longer teased with my prayers. Inconsolable, I tottered back to my chamber, and there employed the whole of the night in drawing up a letter, in which I related the whole adventure, unadorned, and agreeable to the purest truth. Then, when morning broke, I sent it to him. It came back with the seal unbroken. I overcame the dislike I had of making confidants of servants, tore the seal myself from the letter, and again sent it to him by my chambermaid, open. She remained a considerable time. I was for half an hour in the most

fearful expectations. At last she returned and delivered me a sealed packet, which I hastily and tremblingly opened. I found therein my jewels, which he had in his keeping, an assignment for a yearly allowance of two thousand livres, and a billet to the following effect:—'Your tale is well imagined; but I know women and the world. The last evening has separated us for ever. You will never see me again. The enclosed assignment will keep you from want. But do not attempt to call the child, which you now carry, by my name, and thereby dishonour it. I wish you to quit my house to-day. The divorce I will effectuate, and will send you a transcript of all the proceedings.'

"This was too much!—thus spoke the guilty to the innocent, who, at most, could only be upbraided with indiscretion. My pride was roused—the feelings of my unspotted honour dried my tears. I sent back the assignment of the yearly settlement, and quitted the house where faithfulness suffered such undeserved ignominy. Deserted by all the world, with a reputation totally ruined, I fled to Holland, to a good and noble, but needy uncle, who, being childless, shared his small income with me. There I brought a sickly boy into the world, whose ashes are covered by this urn. There I became acquainted with your father, whose favour I won without desiring it. The great age of my uncle, the wish to give my Philip a protector, determined me to become his wife, as different as our way of thinking even then appeared to me. Heaven also tore from me my darling boy, for whom this maternal sacrifice was not too heavy; but it rewarded me by your birth. Dearest daughters, your tears please me well! Let my example be a warning to you. Do not marry too early!—Pause before you make your choice; and if you are then deceived, suffer in silence."

Here Lady Birkenhayn ceased speaking, and, quite exhausted, reclined against the urn. Babet and Charlotte looked down on the earth; tears glistened in their eyes; a dull heavy silence reigned for some minutes. Babet, at last, turned and pressed her lips on the hand of her mother, then threw a look on Philibert, who had taken his place by the urn, and she screamed aloud! The old man was lying on the ground in a swoon—his hands had convulsively embraced the urn. The women jumped up. They supposed the sweltering heat of the day had made him faint, or that he was struck by a fit of apoplexy. Servants were immediately procured; he was carried into the castle, and put to bed, and every means carefully tried to arouse him. He opened his eyes, breathed long and heavily, and when he could again stammer, he begged for rest. He was left alone. In the evening, Babet

brought him some soup. He thanked her with emotion. She perceived that he had been weeping; she would have kept him company; he forbade it. "But in the morning early," she said, "I will be the first to inquire how you find yourself!" He smiled sorrowfully and bowed.

The next morning, Charlotte stole softly up stairs and listened for a long time at the door—all was quiet. She supposed he was still asleep; she went and returned again; at last she softly entered the chamber—it was empty. She cast a look on the bed; there was no one lying in it. The soup stood untouched on the table. She was alarmed, and hurried to her mother. He was sought for in the garden; he was sought for in the fields; every place was run over, but in vain! Nobody had seen him—no one knew any thing of him. At last a boy from a public house in the same village, appeared with a note for Lady Birkenhayn; she read the following words, written with a trembling hand:—

"At the grave of my child, cast off in its mother's womb, death shook me. Forgive me, Adeline, for God has taken powerful vengeance on me. In this my dying moment, the thought is a consolation to me, that I received the last morsel of bread from thy hand.

PHILIP, COUNT OF GUICHE."

Lady Birkenhayn let fall the note, hurried out weeping into the road, and arrived breathless at the village. Without asking, she rushed into the chamber—her eyes flew wildly about—the old man was lying in one corner, on the floor—he was already dead. With a piece of chalk, he had with difficulty traced out near him,

"*A grave near my Philip.*"

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Not long ago a military hero accepted an invitation to pass a few days with a generous and highly respectable gentleman, at his house not a hundred miles from Stockport. The son of Mars finding out the comfort of tucking his trotters under the well-furnished mahogany, prolonged his visit far beyond the wish or convenience of his friend, who repeatedly gave him various indirect hints to commence a retreat. Finding, however, all efforts ineffectual to shake off his guest, the worthy host was under the necessity of leaving home, when one of the family, in the absence of the gallant captain, placed upon his toilet a scrap of paper with these words,

"Long stays made here." This had the desired effect, the hero took the hint and walked off to pay a short visit to another friend.

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.—An ambassador from England, on being presented to one of the kings of Spain, was told to do some particular homage, which, as being rather inconsistent with the instructions of his master, and too humiliating for the character he had the honour to bear, he begged leave to decline. Highly piqued at this imaginary insult, and desirous of putting the ambassador out of countenance for it, the king cried aloud to the courtiers around him, "What! has my good brother of England no other men in his court, that he has sent me a fool to represent him?" "O yes, may it please your majesty," replied the ambassador, "my master has many men about him, far wiser than I; but he makes it an invariable rule, to suit every ambassador to the king at whose court he is about to preside."

A young girl from the country, lately on a visit to Mr. H. a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved by the spirit to utter a syllable. When Mr. H. left the meeting-house with his young friend, he asked her "How dost thou like the meeting?" To which she pettishly replied, "Like it! why I can see no sense in it, to go and sit for whole hours together, without speaking a word, it is enough to kill the devil." "Yea, my dear," rejoined the Quaker, "that is just what we want."

A gentleman calling upon a friend in the city, who was attended by a celebrated physician from the west end of the town, asked the doctor if he did not find it very inconvenient to come to his friend from such a distance—"Not at all, sir," replied the physician, "for I have another patient in the next street, and can therefore kill two birds with one stone." "Can you so?" replied the sick man, "then you are too good a shot for me," and immediately dismissed him.

A singer once complaining to Sheridan that himself and his brother (both of whom were deemed simpletons) had been ordered to take ass's milk, but that on account of its expensiveness, he hardly knew what they should do—"Do?" cried Sheridan, "why suck one another to be sure!"

MEMORY.—A player being reproached by Rich, for having forgot some of the words in the Beggar's Opera on the fifty-third night of its performance, cried out, "What do you think one can remember a thing for ever?"

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

TRIBES OF THE CAUCASUS.

THE Tchetchinzi are masters in the art of robbery; in the pursuit of which they show no pity, even for their countrymen. If a Tchetchintz get the better of another in single combat, the victor will strip and put him to death; but if one of these people seize an European, he will plunder his prisoner, yet preserve his life in hope of ransom. Notwithstanding such a continual system of pillage, the very profession of a Tchetchintz, his dwelling is a mere den, destitute of every convenience; his bed a skin placed by the hearth; his food, coarse bread, half baked, which he eats in a smoking state, with half-roasted meat; these, with ardent spirits, of which they are particularly fond, are their luxuries. As long as the pilfered provision lasts, the wretch remains idle, and want alone drives him to active exertion in search of more. The Tchetchinzi do not take much trouble about agriculture; they cultivate only a little barley and wheat, with some tobacco and onions. The women perform all the domestic offices, while the men give themselves no care but in the chase and robbery. They are of a middling height, and very hardy. When influenced by fear or mistrust they can be obliging, and are particularly so to the rich, or to strangers, in hope of some profit. Their arms consist of a fusil, a sabre, and a dagger; sometimes also they carry a lance with a shield. The Tchetchintz never goes out of his house without being armed, if only with a stick, at the end of which is fixed a ball of iron having three triangular points; this murderous weapon they call a *toppus*.

The Ossitinians differ little from the Tchetchinzi; they use bows and arrows, although their usual arms is a fusil. They are great boasters and quarrellers, threatening each other continually, either with a gun, a dagger, or the bow: usually, however, they content themselves by making a great uproar, and are quickly friends again; if any third person will celebrate the reconciliation with a glass of brandy, or a draught of their country beer, which is very strong. Their houses are, for the most part, enclosed by a wall or paling, surmounted with horses' heads and other bones.

Upon the death of an Ossitinian, his widow shrieks, tears her hair and face, and beats her bosom; but frequently this despair is only occasioned by the impossibility of her ever marrying again: she pretends at every moment to be ready to kill herself with a

knife or stone, to drown herself, or to cast herself from the top of some rock; but is as invariably withheld by her neighbours, who never leave her during the three days of mourning. These friends employ the next three days in administering consolation to the widow, and in eating and drinking at her expense; while the conversation consists in praises of the deceased, who is usually soon after forgotten.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS.

THE ACTORS AND THE VAGRANT ACT.

A PAMPHLET of some ingenuity has just been published in London on this subject by a Barrister, entitled "*A Letter to a Member of Parliament on the Impropriety of classing Players with Rogues and Vagabonds*;" the object of the writer being to show that the first act which treated the unlicensed player as a vagrant, contemplated a very different description of artists from our leading performers of the present day, and also to remove a slur (if any such exists) which the fact of performers being liable, under any circumstances, to be classed as vagrants, has enabled the enemies of the stage to cast upon acting as a profession. The original statute to which the gentlemen of the sock owe this least enviable of their various characters appears to be the 39th Eliz.—an act which was passed at a time when nothing even approaching to the character of scenic performance was known throughout England, except in London; and which was intended (as the author of the pamphlet observes) to suppress the "common players of interludes," a sort of disorderly persons, who went in parties of two or three together, probably mumming about the country at wakes and in alehouses, and who were no more entitled to be considered as "actors of the drama," than our "clown to the ring" of the present day. Indeed the license, granted by James I. to Burbage, Shakspeare, and Fletcher, sufficiently show the estimation in which "regular" actors (taking the reasonable acceptance of the word "regular") were held in that king's day; and it is not at all improbable that Burbage and Shakspeare, whose influence at Court is known to have been considerable, might have been well inclined to favour an act like that of Elizabeth, which gave them a profitable monopoly of their calling.

The law as to the vagrancy of actors, however, as it now stands in England, is something misunderstood, or misrepresented. A player is not a vagrant, any more than a

member of any other profession, until he is found doing that which the law declares to be an act of vagrancy. In fact the existing law applies equally to all the world—not to persons merely who pursue the stage as a trade or business. It says, that *any man* who shall be found performing a play, for gain or hire, without some one of the licenses or authorities stipulated by law to be first obtained, shall be dealt with as a vagrant, if he have no settlement in the place where he offends, and fined 50*l.* (this fine is the whole penalty) if he has a settlement in the place. Now the effect of this obviously is, that he stands exactly in the same situation with a vast number of respectable persons who follow trades or professions, which the law says shall only be carried on by license.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA.

The extraordinary fate that attended this species of dramatic poetry, on its first introduction, deserves to be recorded. The author, the celebrated poet, Mr. Gay, was then well known as a man of considerable genius, and by his former productions, and his amiable character in private life, enjoyed the friendship of all the distinguished writers of the day. Most of the songs are complete epigrams. After this, will it be credited, that the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, peremptorily rejected the opera! Nay, it was even reported, that the happy manager, who allowed it to be performed, gave it up after the first rehearsal, and it was with great difficulty he could be prevailed upon to make the trial: and, indeed, on the first night of performance, its fate was for some time doubtful. The first act was received with silent attention, not a hand moved; at the end of the act the whole audience rose up, and every man seemed to be comparing notes with his neighbour, and the general opinion was in its favour. In the second act they broke their silence, to the great joy of the performers, to say nothing of the unpleasant feelings it removed at once from the mind of the author; and the last act met with universal applause. This opera was performed sixty-three nights to overflowing houses. Rich was manager of the theatre when the *Beggars' Opera* was produced; an intimate friend of Gay's remarked, that it was a piece likely to make *Rich* gay, and *Gay* rich.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTER OF DR. JOHNSON,

As sketched by Miss Seward.

HE is a being of all others I ever knew the most heterogeneously contrasted—at

once the most *liberal*, and the most *ungenerous*; the most *dark*, and the most *enlightened*; the most *compassionate*, and the most *merciless*; the most *friendly*, and the least *sincere*; the *best tempered*, and the most *acrimonious*; the most *soothing*, and the most *abusive* of mankind.

I knew him well. He was a native of Litchfield; his parents were extremely poor. My mother's father, a clergyman, and an eminent schoolmaster, gave him his education without the most distant idea of ever receiving a farthing on his account, and took pains with him, as the sons of the wealthiest gentlemen. He comes down for a month every two years, the guest of his daughter-in-law, an old friend of ours. Dr. J. may be called the most *liberal* of men, because he has open-handed bounty to all who need it, and has been known to divide his last guinea with the distressed, when all he possessed was earned from day to day by his writings. *Ungenerous*—because he has no mercy on reputation of any sort, and sickens with envy on every literary fame, as his last work (*Lives of the Poets*) evinces. The most *dark*—for his bigotry and superstition are past credibility; they are malign and violent. The most *enlightened*—since his prodigious genius and immense knowledge can throw lustre even on the gloom of his own malignance. *Compassionate*—because he will weep for the unfortunate, provided their miseries arise either from sickness or poverty, and he will exert himself to relieve them. *Merciless*—for that he exults over the anguish and despair of every person whose party or religious principles have been different to his own. *Friendly*—because he will kindly commiserate, and serve with activity, those who seek his good offices. The *least sincere*—because he delights to sneer at and render contemptible those very people whose society he seeks, whom he caresses with tenderness, and whose interest he promotes. *Soothing*—for no man's manners are more affectionate, as long as implicit assent is given to his declamations. *Abusive*—because from the instant that the slightest opposition is made to his opinions, he exalts his voice into slander; and 'Don't talk nonsense; no, Sir, (or Madam,) it is false, and if you think so, you think like a fool,'—becomes the language he uses, and with which he interlards his imperious dogmas; while to the pliability of yielding fear, and unlettered simplicity, he is ever easy, cheerful, kind, and indulgent.—*Grateful*—because he dedicates his time, and exerts his offices, even to the most stupid people, from whom, or whose families, he has received kindness in the days of his youth. *Ungrateful*—because he would as soon expose the failings of his liberal benefactors, as those of the most indifferent per-

sons; magnify them into faults, and lavish on them all the epithets of block-head, fool, and rascal. I heard him pronounce Beattie's charming Minstrel 'a dull, heavy, uninteresting fragment, whose 2nd book he could never prevail on himself to read.' Mason's English Garden he calls 'a very miserable piece of insignificance.'

Mr. Hayley styles him the noble leviathan of criticism, who lashes the troubled waters into a sublime, but mischievous, storm of turbulence and mud; yet allows that, with all his mighty powers, he is a very odd fish—though he says he reverences him as the lord of his element, and is welcome to tear his poems as the lion tears the kid. From the publication of the Lives of the Poets, I date the downfall of just poetic taste in this kingdom; the splendour of J.'s literary fame, and of his *ignis fatuus* reasoning, co-operating with the natural envy of the ignorant, or rather half-learned, will enlist a numerous army under his banners; overpowering, by their numbers and by their eloquence, the generous few who have juster perceptions of excellence—who dare think for themselves.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S,

No. VII.

Col. Ferris Pell's specimen of argillaceous schist, marked with strong and elegant impressions of Capillary plants, was beheld with much curiosity and interest. The vegetable impressions were of three distinct kinds: one of a pinnated leaf; another of a single oblong leaf or frond; and a third of an orbicular or peltate shape. It was taken from a stratum overlaying a stratum of anthracite coal, about two feet and a half thick, at the depth of twenty six feet. The track comprehending this spot and formation, is within half a mile of the east branch of the Schuylkill, and three quarters of a mile west of the Sharp mountain. When we possess such impressive evidence that living beings formerly existed, of which we know nothing, except from their fossil remains, we are forced to conclude that much as has been disclosed by penetrating, for a short distance, the crust of our planet, there is enough to exercise the most penetrating talents of several genera-

tions in exploring the exterior surface of the globe; without entering into disquisitions concerning its hollowness or solidity, in the central parts, exercising the genius and calculation of our ablest mathematicians.

A species of quilled bark was submitted by Capt. Brown, a most enterprising citizen, who, though yet in the vigour of life, has three times circumnavigated the globe, and penetrated South America from Carthagena up to Quito; a long and laborious ascent, to the south. More than four times the distance of Albany from the Atlantic along the Hudson, stands Santa Fe on the bank of the Magdalena river, heretofore the seat of government for the Spanish Viceroyalty of New Grenada; now the place where the congress of the Colombian Republic assembles. The intelligent traveller stated that six hundred miles south of that city, and from the region of the accriferous Choco, high in the Andes, bordering on Peru, came the article under consideration. Peter Regnart was not forgotten, who in 1820 had brought a copy of the Spanish publication, made by D^r. Jose Ignacio Pombo, printed in 1814, at the government press of Carthagena, on the "Officinal guina," (Peruvian or Jesuits bark) and its species, virtues, uses, commerce, cultivation, crops, extracts, and botanical description. Capt. B. having brought of this production less than two hundred pounds to try the market, it was recommended that the purest specimens he exhibited should be reduced to powder by Sanford's apparatus, and put into the hands of Drs. Ackerly, Francis, Pemberton, and others then present, for trial. As far as an opinion could be formed, this notable species of the Cinchona, came nearer to the yellow bark than to any other. Of these the famous botanist and physician Mutis, enumerates four officinal kinds, its pale, red, yellow, and white; each of which has its discriminating character, both as a plant and as a medicine.

Mr. Giles of Vermont brought his newly invented extract of Hemlock spruce bark for tanning. It is nearly of the colour possessed by muddled port wine. The tree is one of the most stately of our northern forests, and is the *Abies Canadensis* of Michaux, and the *Pinus Canadensis* of

Pursh. The tanning principle is separated by means of steam, let into a tub containing the pulverized or ground bark. By the discoverer's process the essence contained in four cords of hemlock bark may be condensed into a liquid not too bulky to fill a common hoghead. And in this concentrated and pure form it may be carried to the manufactory or the market. Mr. Dymock displayed a skin of upper leather, prepared in two days and a half by means of this powerful preparation of *tannin*: and gave such a representation of its effects, that no doubt was entertained it would make excellent leather, with extraordinary rapidity.

It was also believed that so neat and strong a preparation, would constitute a valuable medicine, and deserve an exalted rank in the *materia medica*, as a tonic and astringent. In the course of the discussion, a mode of preventing its fermentation was suggested; and a committee of technical chemists recommended, to determine by experiment with gelatine, iron, or otherwise, the strength of the liquor, or in other words, how much tannin it contains, that a just and uniform rule may be established, and used between the seller and buyer.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

Peter Schlemihl, a Tale from the German of La Motte Fouque.

In this age of novel writing, and novel reading, to gratify the prevailing taste for which the presses of Europe as well as of this country, are almost constantly kept employed, we observe that the authors of romances in Germany have had their full share in this literary pursuit, that their productions are translated into English almost as soon as they are published, and that they are sought after with the greatest avidity. In the construction of these works, the same singularity prevails that characterized the dramas, from the same source, which a few years ago held almost entire possession of the stage. Whether their fate will be similar remains to be determined. The tale which bears the above title, is from the pen of the author of the novel called *Undine*, the story of which was dramatised in London, and

has been frequently exhibited in our theatres.—He is highly celebrated in Germany for his tales, abounding in supernatural and horrific incidents; and although in *Peter Schlemihl*, which comes warm from the same vivid and procreative imagination, we are not introduced, as in *Undine*, to spirits of the air &c., there is sufficient of the marvellous to identify the author.

The plot turns on the temptation of Peter Schlemihl by no less a personage than the Devil himself, who commences his temptations by inducing him to accept the purse of Fortunatus, which will procure gold *ad infinitum*, in exchange for his shadow. The miseries which Peter undergoes from mankind, in consequence of the discovery that he had lost this shadow, are well and humourously depicted. The ultimate design of his Satanic Majesty in getting possession of the shadow, is to induce Peter to sell the reversion of his soul to obtain the shadow back again, the want of which had caused him so much trouble. In this, however, he is unsuccessful, the virtue of Peter proving too strong for the tempter; and, reconciling himself to the loss, he throws away the dearly-bought purse, and exiles himself from society.—For his peregrinations however, a new pair of boots is necessary, and he by accident obtains possession of a pair of seven-leagued ones, with which he traverses the globe. The history of his travels is now quite on the model of the most celebrated of travellers, the renowned Baron Munchausen, and no less entertaining in the narration. From these scanty materials, M. Fouque has contrived to work up an amusing tale; from which the following is an extract, containing an account of the interview with the Devil when Peter was induced to part with his shadow:—

How I was startled when I saw the old man in the grey coat behind, and advancing towards me! He immediately took off his hat, and bowed to me more profoundly than any one had ever done before. It was clear he wished to address me, and without extreme rudeness I could not avoid him. I in my turn uncovered myself, made my obeisance, and stood still, with a bare head, in the sunshine, as if rooted there. I shook with terror while I saw him approach: I felt like a bird fascinated by a rattle-snake. He appeared sadly perplexed, kept his eyes on the ground, made several bows, approached nearer, and with a low and trem-

bling voice, as if he were asking alms, thus accosted me: 'Will the gentleman forgive the intrusion of one who has stopped him in this unusual way? I have a request to make, but pray pardon——'—'In the name of Heaven, Sir,' I cried out in my anguish, 'what can I do for one who—. We both started back, and methought both blushed deeply. After a momentary silence, he again began—'During the short time when I enjoyed the happiness of being near you, I observed, Sir,—will you allow me to say so—I observed, with unutterable astonishment, the beautiful shadow in the sun, which, with a certain noble contempt, and perhaps, without being aware of it, you threw off from your feet. Forgive me this, I confess, too daring intrusion—should you be inclined to transfer it to me?'

He was silent, and my head turned round like a water-wheel. What could I make of this singular proposal for disposing of my shadow? He is crazy, thought I; and with an altered tone, yet more forcible, as contrasted with the humility of his own, I replied: "How is this, good friend? Is not your own shadow enough for you? This seems to me a whimsical sort of bargain, indeed!"—He began again:—"I have in my pocket many matters which might not be quite unacceptable to the gentleman; for this invaluable shadow I deem any price too little." A chill came over me: I remembered what I had seen, and knew not how to address him whom I had just ventured to call my good friend. I spoke again, and assumed an extraordinary courtesy, to set matters in order. "Pardon, Sir, pardon your most humble servant—I do not quite understand your meaning: how can my shadow—" He interrupted me—"I only beg your permission to be allowed to lift up your noble shadow, and put it in my pocket: how to do it is my own affair. As a proof of my gratitude for the gentleman, I leave him the choice of all the jewels which my pocket affords; the genuine divining rods, mandrake roots, change pennies, money extractors, the napkins of Rolando's Squire, and divers other miracle workers, a choice assortment; but all this is not fit for you—better that you should have Fortunatus's wishing cap, restored spick and span new; and also a fortune-bag, which belonged to him." "Fortunatus's fortune-bag!" exclaimed I: and, as great as had been my terror, all my senses were now enraptured by the sound. I became dizzy, and nothing but double ducats seemed sparkling before my eyes. "Condescend, Sir, to inspect and make a trial of this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew from it a moderately-sized, firmly-stitched purse of thick cordovan, with two convenient

cords hanging to it, which he presented to me. I instantly dipped into it, drew from it ten pieces of gold, and ten more, and ten more, and yet ten more. I stretched out my hand—"Done! the bargain is made—I give you my shadow for your purse." He grasped my hand, kneeled down behind me, and with wonderful dexterity I perceived him loosening my shadow from the ground from head to foot:—he lifted it up:—he rolled it together, and folded it, and at last put it into his pocket.

After describing the miseries to which a shadowless man is obliged to submit, which even the possession of an inexhaustible purse of gold could not compensate, the author proceeds:—

The deepest pity seemed to inspire the fairer sex: but my soul was not less wounded by this than by the contumely of the young, the proud disdain of the old, especially of those stout well-fed men, whose dignified shadows seemed to do them honour. * * * To leave nothing untried, I sent Bendel with a costly brilliant ring to the most celebrated painter in the city, requesting he would pay me a visit. He came—I ordered away my servants, locked the door, sat myself down by him, and after praising his art, I came with a troubled spirit to the great disclosure, having first enjoined on him the strictest secrecy. "Mr. Professor," I began, "can you paint a false shadow for one, who in the most luckless way in the world has lost his own?"—"You mean a reflected shadow?"—"To be sure." "But," he rejoined, "through what negligence could he lose his own shadow?"—"How it happened," replied I, "that does not matter, but—" I immediately began again with a lie,—"last winter, when I was travelling in Russia, it froze so severely, during the extraordinary cold, that the shadow was frozen to the ground, and it was impossible to get it free." "And I," said the Professor, "could only make him a sheet shadow, which he would be apt to lose again on the slightest motion, especially for one whose genuine shadow was so badly fixed, as must be inferred from your account; the simplest and wisest determination for him who has no shadow, is not to go in the sun." He stood up, and walked away, after having sent through me a piercing glance which mine could not endure.

ART OF MAKING BREAD.—There were no bakers among the ancients. Corn, like the other productions of nature, was eaten without any preparation. When the art of grinding it was discovered, they made porridge of it, and much time elapsed before

flour was used in any other way. When its most essential use became known, the bread was prepared an hour before meal-time by the mother of the family. The Roman ladies, to whom this occupation was common, did not think themselves in the least degraded by it. It was the Easterns who first baked their bread in ovens; but the custom was not adopted in Europe until the 583d year of the foundation of Rome.

THE GRACES.

"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let *Wit*, and *Wisdom*, with her sovereign *Beauty*
dwell."

GRECIAN WOMEN.

IN order to esteem the sex, we must do more than see them. By social intercourse, and a mutual reciprocation of good offices, we must become acquainted with their worth and excellence. This, to the Greeks, was a pleasure totally unknown. As the women lived retired in their own apartments, if they had any amiable qualities they were buried in perpetual obscurity. Even husbands were, in Sparta limited as to the time and duration of the visits made to their wives; and it was the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat separately. The apartments destined for the women, in order to keep them more private, were always in the back, and generally in the upper part of the house. The famous Helen is said to have had her chamber in the loftiest part of it; and so wretched were their dwellings, that even Penelope, queen of Ulysses, seems to have descended from hers by a ladder.

Unmarried women, whether maids or widows, were under the strictest confinement. The former, indeed, were not allowed to pass without leave from one part of the house to another, lest they should be seen. New married women were almost as strictly confined as virgins. Hermoine was severely reprov'd by her old duenna, for appearing out of doors; a freedom, which she tells her, was not usually taken by women in her situation, and which would endanger her reputation should she happen to be seen. Aristophanes introduces an Athenian lady, loudly complaining, that women were confined to their chambers, under lock and key, and guarded by mastiffs, goblins, or any thing that could frighten away admirers.

The confinement, however, of the Grecian women, does not appear, in some cases, to have been so much the effect of jealousy,

as of indifference. The men did not think them proper companions; and that ignorance which is the result of a recluse life, gave them too good reason to think so. Nothing in Greece was held in estimation but valour and eloquence. Nature had disqualified the fair sex for both. They were, therefore, considered as mean and contemptible beings, beneath the notice of heroes and of orators, who seldom favoured them with their company. Thus deserted by a sex which ought to be the source of knowledge, the understandings of the women were but shallow, and their company uninteresting; circumstances which invariably happen in every country where the two sexes have little communication with each other.

If we take a view of the privileges conferred by law or custom on the Grecian women, we shall find, that, in the earlier ages, they were allowed a vote in the public assemblies. This privilege, however, was afterwards taken from them. They succeeded equally with brothers to the inheritance of their fathers; and to the whole of that inheritance, if they had no brothers. But to this last privilege was always annexed a circumstance, which must have been extremely disagreeable to every woman of sentiment and feeling. An heiress was obliged, by the laws of Greece, to marry her nearest relation, that the estate might not go out of the family; and this relation, in case of a refusal, had a right to sue for the delivery of her person, as we do for goods and money. He who divorced his wife was obliged either to return her dowry, or pay her so much per month for maintenance. He who abused a free woman, was obliged in some states to marry her; in others, to pay a hundred, and in some, a thousand drachmas.

But, when we impartially consider the good and ill treatment of the Grecian women, we find that the balance was much against them, and may therefore conclude, that though the Greeks were eminent in arts, and illustrious in arms, the highest pitch to which they ever arrived in politeness and elegance of manners, was only a few degrees above savage barbarity.

The following is extracted from the fourth edition of "*The Duke of Mantua*," a tragedy. It describes the effort of a fond woman to destroy the letter of a lover wedded to another, and is natural and pathetic:

I vow'd to snatch thee from my breast!

[Takes a billet from her bosom.]

To tear thee hence! and to the winds unseen,
Commit thy perishing fragments, ev'n as now
This unoffending page I rend, far scattering
Its frail memorial to the air.—

[Makes an effort to tear the paper.]

Some power withholds me. What! for this thou yearnest?

Weak, foolish heart, some other hour, thou say'st,

Better thou canst resign this fluttering relic
Of thy——hope, whisperest thou?
Nay folly, madness, call it but aright,
Thou throbbing fool, and I will give thee back
Thy doted bauble. [Returns it into her bosom.]

There, there! watch over it!
Brood on thy minion! cherish and pamper it
Until it mock thee! prey on thy young blood,
Poison each spring of natural affection,
And all the sympathies that flesh inherits,
Then wilt thou curse thine idol!—Impotent rage,
It will deride thee, and will fiercely cling
To thine undoing for ever Fare thee well,
Thou star-hung canopy!—far-smiling orb,
Farewell! no more sweet influences ye fling,
As ye were wont, around my desolate heart;
I cannot bear your stillness: earthquake, storm,
The mighty war of the vex'd elements,
Would best comport with my disquiet:—now,
On thy calm face I dare not look again!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENNUI.

"'Tis the worst evil in this world of ills,
'Tis night of soul—stagnation of the mind."
Old Play.

In the evening, a Sunday or two ago, it happened to be damp and dark, and I sat in my elbow-chair with folded arms, engaged in those cogitations which a whole day of rain and a cloudy night are adapted to awaken in the mind. These reflections the reader will readily believe, were far from delightful.

In the morning by way of mental recreation, I had been exerting myself to comprehend some of Southey's hexameters; but after thumbing the pages of the Laureat till I was weary, I tossed them to the other end of the room, and descended to dinner. Dinner was speedily discussed, and I returned to my chamber, threw myself on three or four chairs with a couple of volumes of Lake poetry for a pillow, and finished the day in all the glory of *ennui*. Scythrop Glowry's blue devils at Nightmare Abbey, were angels of light compared with those black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray, which played hobby-horse with my mind and sensations on the twentieth of June. In vain did I try to conjure up a pleasing idea; in vain did I try to fall asleep over the classical Atlantic; but as if the Genius of *Ennui* was determined to take me to herself, I lolled on my chairs, the victim of direful melancholy. Not that melancholy which we feel at a fine twilight in autumn, while the yellow leaves are falling to the ground and rustling under the tread, and which delights while it saddens the soul,

but that melancholy which has nothing but wretchedness, the melancholy, in short, of a *rainy Sunday*! I rose up again and paced the floor, champed pea-nuts, swung my dumb bells and peeped at polemics, without any relief from the horrors of vacuity. I drew my elbow-chair to the middle of the floor, and seating myself in its friendly lap, undertook with pencil and paper to compose a sonnet to that all powerful ruler *Ennui*; but alas! the Muses were not to be propitiated at a season like that, and I called in vain for the "burning coal" which touched the lips of Milton, or the sweet inspiration which is given by the Sacred Nine to the favoured few. I scrawled a few lines, but quickly tore them to pieces, and scattered them to the winds. I then folded my arms as I have already mentioned, and submitted with resignation to the influence of the elements.

"But it shall not be!" quoth I, rising on my feet, and seizing my beaver and my gold headed cane, at the same time descending to the entry door. I sallied forth and was soon in Broadway, which was all lonely and silent, save when a passenger here and there strolled along, and who seemed, as he moved onward in the gloom, like some wandering ghost. I walked briskly along, determined to make myself gay at the shrine of beauty and wit, and desiring to stir up my soul by the sparkling eyes of Eliza, and shortly ascending the steps, announcing my arrival by a rap rap rap. The door was opened, and I entered amongst a cluster of sweet girls; and refreshing my faculties as I made my bow to the ladies, and seated myself among them, by a pinch of the best of my friend Lorrillard's rappee, scented with rose water. "This is what I call a sociable circle," said I.

Chit-chat and good humour, spiced by occasional sallies of wit, were the order of the hour, and were finely in contrast with the terrors of the morning. The deep blue eye of Ellen, and the laughing black of Mary, had considerable power over one whose breast was so susceptible of tender emotions as mine, and I felt on that occasion that a beautiful and accomplished woman was indeed heaven's best gift to man in this sojourn of sorrow. In this, I am aware my feelings and ideas are not universal. Some love the society of their brother bachelors, with a cup

of claret, far more than a dish of tea and conversation with the fairest maiden that walks. But it is my pride, call it weakness if you will, to set more value upon the company of an educated girl, than on the discourse of all the bachelors between this and six thousand miles off. In truth, I want none of your old bachelors, with their wigs, their gout, and their notions!

"I must thank you," said I to Eliza, as I was about to bid good night, "for restoring me from the horrors. I tried to expel them before, but it was only *here* that they were expelled." "Indeed? I am happy that you have been relieved from them, for they are troublesome visitors." "They have no power where *you* are," I replied with a smile; "it is your prerogative to scatter them by your presence." "You are complimentary," replied Eliza, with a blush that heightened her charms, and communicated a delicious thrill to my nerves. "By no means," said I, "truth is no compliment, and I feel," added I, with a softened voice and a throbbing heart, "I feel that for all the pleasure I have enjoyed this evening I am almost wholly indebted to *you*." "Good night!" she exclaimed, as she retreated from where I stood. "Good night!" I responded with a sigh, leaving the presence of one whose eyes have power to pierce to the centre of the heart.

Broadway was gloomy and still, no person being abroad but myself and a few watchmen, some of whom I occasionally perceived nodding alongside of a lamp-post. So I hastened along, holding converse with my thoughts, and shortly arrived at mine own door. Rap rap rap went the knocker, for I had forgotten to put my private key in my pocket; and directly down came Hector, fresh from his pillow, cursing the boarders as he came for staying from home so late. "A cool night, Hector!" said I as I entered, laughing in my sleeve at his bad humour; but putting my hand in my pocket and drawing out a silver piece, with *Fernando Septimo* on one side, and the Spanish arms on the other, "Here, Hector," said I, "is something to procure a cordial these cool summer days." His brow relaxed, and he displayed as fine a set of ivory as exists in the country. I then ascended to my chamber, rolled myself in bed, and directly was dreaming.

ANASTASIO.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 15. Vol. I. of *New Series* of the *MINERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Woodbine Grove*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Lisbon in 1820*.

THE DRAMA.—*The Old English Drama. Dramatic Anecdotes*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of John Courtois*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals. Curiosities for the Ingenious*.

LITERATURE.—*The Highlanders*; and other Literary Notices.

THE GRACES.—*Roman Women*.

POETRY.—*The Inconstant*; by "Ianthe." *Stanzas*; by "M." *Stanzas*; by "J. R. Sutermeister;" and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"B." and "Humanitus" are inadmissible. "Henry's" verses gave us a chill, even in the hot noon of a July day, for which he will accept our thanks, but excuse the insertion of his communication.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

Carbonated Sarsaparilla Mead is strongly recommended in hot weather, as preferable to soda water, or other artificial summer drinks.

The method of milking cows by inserting a piece of straw or other tube in the teat, has been found, on trial, to be injurious to the animal by causing inflammation, and gradually lessening the usual quantity of milk.

The President of the U. States has directed the Board of Engineers for internal improvement, to co-operate with the state commissioners of Pennsylvania, in exploring the route of the contemplated canal, between Pittsburgh and the Susquehanna and Schuylkill.

A blacksmith in Hudson has been in the habit of using borax alone to weld cast-steel, for a great number of years; the discovery was made by a person who lived in the neighbourhood of Springfield, Mass. soon after the revolutionary war.

New Jersey is stated to contain about 60,000 acres of land, covered with salt water, suitable for the cultivation of oysters, and which might be made to yield a revenue of from two to three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

MARRIED,

Mr. N. Elsworth to Miss J. S. Warterbury.
Mr. R. F. Mott to Miss Hannah B. Smith.
Mr. P. J. B. Petit to Miss J. Abeille.

DIED,

Mrs. Elizabeth Farclo, aged 71 years.
Mr. Mynard Mildeberger, aged 27 years.
Mr. James Quick, aged 32 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

We prefer giving the following poem entire although it excludes all other articles. C. T. R. will always be welcome, and we hope that we shall hear from him often.

For the Minerva.

TO THE MOON; A FANTASY.

The midnight hour has toll'd its note
In faint and ling'ring knell,
And mist and vapoury shadows float
O'er silent copse and dell;
The bird of night hath ceas'd his wail,
The beast hath ceased his roar,
And from yon bow'r the song and tale
Swell on the breeze no more:—
Silent and slow, like barques of heaven
Sail on the glittering orbs of light,
The morn their port, their shore the even,
Their voyage, the calm night.
The moon sails with them and their sea
Is the far spread immensity,
Nor cloud, nor vapour threatens there
A storm in scene so fair—
But calmness such as earthly wave ne'er knew,
Though in its stillest robe of lucid blue
Rules o'er the mild, unruffled air,
In peace which angels share.
Sleep hath locked up the gates of mortal sense,
And life hath stopped its many coloured wheel,
And purple guilt and spotless innocence
Alike have ceas'd to feel.
Man, beast, and bird, and tree, and flower,
Yield to the wild and wizzard power
Of the spell-bound midnight hour.
Yet list! awakes that strain to tell
Defiance to such potent spell?
Can mortal voice unawed intrude
On such unearthly solitude?
Or is't some elf of fairy land,
That with such light and fluttering hand
Strikes its wild strain from fairy lute,
Where all so late was mute?
But list! it sounds again.—
"Wakes there an eye, or opes there an ear
To mark the fairy gambols here?
Lurks there a mortal on charmed ground,
From the slumbrous spell of sleep unbound?
If there be—I charge thee sleep,
Fairy guards their vigils keep;
Man may not view
The deeds we do—
And eye of man may never see
Fairy sport and revelry!
Sleep! mortals, sleep!
In slumbers deep,
Nor wake till morn o'er the mountains peep!"

The song had ceas'd, and the minstrel had fled
The landscape was still as the bier of the dead,
And each bird and each insect had clos'd its ear,
For the elfine rites even they might not hear;
When the stream which unmoved and unruffled before,
Had lain like a crystal plain chain'd to the shore,
Now bubbled and boil'd, though the drowsy breeze
Slept on the leaves of the beechen trees,
And oped, ere a moment had wing'd its flight,
A yawning gulf in its surface bright,

Like a chasm in the rock, by the fire of heaven
Or the shock of a bursting earthquake riven;
And as it open'd, a playful strain
Of music arose, and died again,
But it came with a thousand symphonies more,
On the beams of the moon to the silver shore;
And as it swell'd, and echoing gave
Its million songs o'er the listening wave,
Forth from the chasm, so deep and dark,
Rose to the surface an elfine barque.
Slender its masts of silver hue,
And light its streamer of heavenly blue,
Emerald its prow, and coral its side,
And its sails in the dolphin's blood were dyed;
And as they wav'd in the moon's soft light,
A hundred colours shone fair and bright.
The sails were full though there stirr'd not a breath,
The air was as still as the court of death;
The barque ploughed foaming and swiftly o'er,
Nor stopped till it reach'd the flower-girt shore;
Then an anchor of crystal was cast in the sand,
And the elfine train trod on the grassy land.
Silent and still for a moment they stood,
And whisper'd their spells to the sprite of the flood,
Then tripping it lighter than birds on the wing,
Through the meadow they danc'd in a mystic ring.
Numberless charms in that secret dell,
Which curious mortal may never tell,
Done by that wild and lawless throng,
Followed each other in order long.
At length they ceas'd, and each elfine sprite
Fixing his gaze on the moon's sweet light,
Sung to the music of flute and lyre,
With fairy measure and fairy fire,
As she sail'd through the heaven so clear and bright,
His short wild chant to the queen of night.

FIRST FAIRY.

Be thy beams for ever clear,
Loveliest of the heavenly train!
And for ever Empress here,
Hold o'er night thy cloudless reign.
'Ere infant time began
To wing the new born hour;
Before the wondrous power
Of lab'ring nature had perfected man:
The elves immortal fluttering over space,
Started to view thy beauteous face,
To gaze upon thy light;
And as they stopped their rapid flight
Across the trembling wave,
Myriads of elfine flutterers more,
Eager such brightness to adore,
To thy fair orb their firm allegiance gave:
And from that hallow'd hour
Thy radiant power
In midnight copse or bushy dell
Has charm'd the dews that round us fell,
And blest each fairy charm, and each successful spell.

SECOND FAIRY.

Hail! wondrous fount of infinite delights,
To all the air-born race,
Thy gifted favourites;
Since thou hast given to them to trace
With ken immortal each mysterious grace
That decks thy lovely sphere,
And dost to fairy eyes appear,
With all thy beauty unconceal'd:
While to less favour'd mortal's sight
Thou glitterest in the azure field,
With nought but simple light
For thine unchanging robe,
And nought to deck the night,
Save the pale circle of thy silver globe.

THIRD FAIRY.

Gazing with gifted eye,
 I now behold,
 As through the deep blue arch on high,
 Thy wheeling car is roll'd,
 Myriads of fluttering messengers, that bear
 Thine errands to the sun;
 And through the wide expanse of air
 Upborne on sunbeams fair,
 With speed immeasurable run.
 Array'd in filmy robes of light,
 They wing their radiant flight
 To realms of blazing day;
 And as around thine orb they ride,
 Thy path mysterious guide,
 And with their sun-lit fires point out thy trackless way.

FOURTH FAIRY.

Circling thy radiant sphere
 With zone of silver hue,
 What to mortals' bounded view
 Does but a veil of floating mist appear;
 Shines on my wond'ring eyes,
 Compos'd of lovers' tears and lovers' sighs,
 Breathing many a tender prayer
 For thine indulgent care;
 Since among mortals 'tis believ'd
 That young and hapless innocence
 In its true love aggrieved,
 By thy divine and mystic influence,
 Is ay protected and relieved.
 Yes, and thou kindly hear'st their prayer,
 The pealing hymn of joy rings through the sky,
 And swiftly from on high,
 Like lightning through the astonished air,
 The darting meteor stars thy glad commission bear.
 Young Joy shouts loud his honest mirth,
 O'er all the echoing earth,
 And Virtue, thron'd among the orbs above,
 Her approbation sweetly smiles,
 While countless angel files,
 The heavenly act approve,
 And hymn on myriad harps the power of virtuous love.

FIFTH FAIRY.

Yet while in wreaths transcendently serene,
 About thy globe of light,
 Sighs and virtuous tears are seen
 To float on plume so bright;
 Darkening the lustre of thy face,
 Shapeless blots of gloom and shade,
 Of fouler, ghastlier vapours made,
 Thy lovely form disgrace:
 Spectres pale and shades of those
 That to their loves untrue,
 Each vow and sacred bond broke through,
 That hideous troop compose.
 And as they wail and howl forlorn,
 Doom'd till the approach of morn
 To drag thy ponderous car along—
 The ghosts of broken vows behind,
 With vengeful pang and piercing goad remind
 Their conscience-tortur'd souls of each forgotten wrong.

CHORUS OF FAIRIES.

Pity goddess, and forgive—
 Let the sorrowing victims live,
 And by thy bounteous mercy gain
 What e'en the sun's career would grace,
 A peaceful never-ending reign
 O'er all the fairy race.
 Pity goddess, and forgive—
 Let the sorrowing victims live!

Still uphold, and still approve
 The heavenly flame of virtuous love!
 Then around thy wheels will glow
 Yet a purer, brighter wreath;
 And 'stead of sighs and tears, will flow
 The perfum'd breeze of gratitude's sweet breath.
 Lovers' prayer, and lovers' blessing,
 Then thy form divine caressing,
 Thy circling march will joyously attend
 Till hoary time his weary course shall end.
 Then still uphold, and still approve
 The heavenly flame of virtuous love!

Beauteous queen of night, receive
 Thanks which joying fairies give,
 Thanks for light, and mystic power,
 Which fays possess o'er midnight hour!
 Thanks for countless favours shown
 To fairy tribes alone,
 Thanks for countless beauties bright
 Hid from all but fairy sight.—
 For all the bliss which crowns our mirth
 In lands of mortal frame,
 For all the joy we've ta'en on earth,
 Since young creation's birth
 To this glad hour, we bless thy name.
 Hail, hail, all hail!

While thus their joyous hymn they sung;
 High from a neighbouring tower
 To hail the opening morning hour,
 A cock's loud clarion rung:
 When ere another word was past,
 Swift as the wind the fairies hasted,
 And quick their shining hosts embark,
 Then o'er the still wave swiftly ride,
 And down the opening chasm glide
 Beneath the waters dark.

C. T. R.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
 Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

I.

A Hog'shead.

II.

With erring track descends the rain;
 The ancients did the bow retain;
 The almighty pledge remains secure,
 Through time the rainbow shall endure.

NEW PUZZLE.

My nodding first a beauteous aspect yields
 When waving corn adorns the cultured fields;
 Seek for my next in yonder shady grove,
 Where birds unite in harmony and love.
 Perfidious man, my whole's a pledge to bind
 The verbal contracts of thy fickle mind.

EDITED BY

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